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DISORDER

That Magazine from CITR FM 102
JANUARY 1989 • ISSUE # 72

EDITOR Kevin Smith
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS Viola Funk,
Barb Wilson, Miss Finch
WRITERS Janis McKenzie, Dave Watson,
Michael Leduc, Mimi Nightingale, Keith Parry,
Dave Campbell, Patrick Mokrane, Sian O'Shea,
Julia Schenk.
ART DIRECTOR Marty George
ARTISTS Michael Fraser
PHOTOGRAPHER Mandel Ngan
COVER Ann Miller
PRODUCTION MANAGER Michael Grigg
LAYOUT BY Kevin and Marty
PROGRAM GUIDE BY Kathryn Hayashi
TYPESETTING AMS Desktop Publishing
ADVERTISING AND DISTRIBUTION
MANAGER Matt Richards
ACCOUNTS AND SUBSCRIPTION GUY Randy
Iwata
PUBLISHER Harry Hertscheg

Discorder is That Magazine from CITR 101.9 FM.
It's published monthly by the Student Radio Society
of the University of British Columbia. It's printed
in Surrey, Canada. Discorder Magazine prints what
it wants to, but pledges to (try and) put the CITR On
The Dial program guide and Spin List record chart in
every issue. We also vow to circulate 17,500 copies
to over 200 locations by the first of each month.
Twelve-month subscriptions are \$12 in Canada,
\$12(US) in the States, \$20 elsewhere. Make money
orders or certified cheques payable to Discorder Maga-
zine. All written, drawn or photographed contribu-
tions are welcome. But don't expect to get anything
back. To pick up or to improve your reception of
CITR's 49-watt stereo signal, just put a little effort
into it. Stick a clothes hanger or some other kind of
antenna to your receiver. Better yet, if you're a sub-
scriber to Rogers, Shaw or Delta Cable, turn us on at
101.9 cable fm. Office hours for CITR, Discorder
and the CITR Mobile Sound Rental are Mon-Fri,
10am-4pm. Please call then. But call 228-3017. For
the News/Sports line, call 224-4320. To talk to the
DJ, call 228-2487 or 228-CITR.

TOP 10 REASONS TO LIVE

1. I don't live with my boyfriend anymore,
2. but I still have my boyfriend
3. My job pays me a lot of money
4. I'm only in my 20's
5. I'm thin
6. I have a fancy title for a job I don't get paid for
7. My boyfriend's band is on their way to stardom (I hope)
8. Food, food, glorious food
9. I drive a Cadillac
10. My cat needs me

TOP 10 REASONS TO DIE

1. Can't decide what colour my hair should be
2. Our government - provincial
3. Our government - federal
4. My car is too expensive to drive
5. I didn't make the record cover
6. Drinking makes me sicker than ever
7. I can't get my own way all of the time
8. It's bound to happen some time
9. Work, work, work
10. My mother tells me I'll never be able to live with any man

Miss Finch
Discorder

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Top Ten Reasons To Live:

1. Daddy bought me a new BMW.
2. Haven't tried Calvin Klein's
new fragrance yet.
3. Shopping.
4. Frat parties.
5. I'm just so good-looking.
6. Lifetime membership at
Zalko's paid up.
7. I've finally reached the optimal
shade of blond.
8. Haven't slept with a major rock god yet.
9. Or the captain of the football team.
10. I get everything when Mummy and
Daddy kick the bucket.

Top Ten Reasons To Die:

1. Daddy won't buy me a new condo.
2. Perm turned out too frizzy.
3. Started to get under eye wrinkles.
4. Can't find a good electrolysis
technician.
5. Oh My God! A Zit!
6. Vancouver winters are too short
to get full use of a mink coat.
7. Caught my boyfriend Biff with my
sorority sister Tawni.
8. Broke a nail.
9. I may have to get a job eventually.
10. Hairspray build-up.
by Cornelia 'Muffy' Smythe Simpson



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RATMAN'S RETORT

Dear Fuckhead:

I am writing in respect to Bill Baker's interview of me published in your December issue of DISCORDER. Are you guys hard up, or what? Not only does that before mentioned interview make me look like a real dirthead, especially because I would not participate in it, but it has no entertainment value as reading material. You should have seen the interviewer - he was wearing a baseball hat, which I hate, and since I am a firm believer in judging people because of what they wear, I really didn't have time for the guy. Also, as you can tell, there were more interesting people in room. I am also angry because Mr. Baker (and I use the term lightly) purposely edited out my telling of where my band, Girls! Girls! Girls! was playing just because he was steamed at being ignored by a member of Vancouver's alternative scene. The whole purpose of the interview was to promote the concert on New Year's at (nightclub, time, address) in the first place. The point of my letter though is to ask why you printed such a bogus article in the first place? When I was editor of the school paper in Richmond we had more entertaining articles, for fucks sake. I would've rather read a cereal box than that interview for excitement. Why don't you guys get some writers?

Sincerely,

Mark Dumaln (aka Ratman)

*We're always looking for "GOOD" writers.
Put your money where your mouth is.*

ROCKIN' PATRICK'S -

TOP 10 REASONS TO LIVE IN '88

- Seeing Prince twice [Oakland & Vancouver]
- Maintenance drinking
- Surviving Watts and East L.A.
- The Fringe Festival
- Doing a lot of things responsible people tell you not to do
- Seeing Magma in London
- Meeting Ralph the wino in Berkeley
- Having a car that needed no repairs the whole year [73 Olds]
- Attending 48 films at the Vancouver Film Festival
- CTR going hi-power [i.e. more people hearing my rantings]

HOW FAR IS FAR?

A loyal listener on a rural hilltop, 128 km from the CTR transmitter on Point Grey has been confirmed as one of the winners of the **How Far is Far, How Near is Near - Pick Up CTR and Win contest**.

Mike Pentz of Rosedale, BC will have a radio program broadcast from his home as one of his rewards for receiving the 49 watt signal without the aid of cable.

Mike will also receive a one-year membership to (possibly) the world's finest radio station, a twelve-month free subscription to **Discorder** (that magazine from CTR), a full set of CTR buttons (in all 20 flavors, more or less) and dinner for two at Taf's Cafe on Granville Mall.

The contest was initiated by the station as part of its campaign to promote the increase in broadcast power.

Honorable Mention

David Eidse, who hears rap music on CTR loud and clear from the ghetto blaster in his Nanaimo bedroom, and Mike Cherry of Ganges on Saltspring Island both receive honorable mention for being second and third closest. They also have our sympathies as they have a good chance of having their reception of 101.9 fm overtaken by Victoria's campus station, CFUV, when that station goes high power sometime this month. CTR station manager, Harry Hertscheg, regrets the loss of such loyal listeners through no fault of their own and promises the station will do everything in its power to "slip our signal over to them."

How Near is Near?

There has still been no confirmed winner in the **How Near** portion of the contest, but we were close. Holly Hendrigan, a UBC student living at Gage claimed she couldn't get CTR, even though her apartment is directly below the transmitter. But when Harry called to check her entry, her roommate said, "Oh, I thought she could get it."

"I really don't believe it's possible," says Harry, "with all the entries we've gotten from places like Point Roberts, the Gulf Islands and all through the Fraser Valley, how could someone directly under our transmitter not pick us up? All it takes is a little effort." But he's willing to give her a second chance. "We dare anyone to step forward and prove us wrong. Invite us over for dinner, or even just a cup of coffee. If your radio can survive our rigorous antenna test: coat hangers, speaker wire, beer cans, tin foil, the works, and still not receive CTR, we'll concede defeat and award the prize. This offer stands until we switch to High Power." Asked when that will be, Harry would only say, "You'll be able to pick up CTR by accident by Christmas."

Dave Campbell

TOP 10 REASONS TO DIE IN '88

- Realizing one more time that if voting made any difference it wouldn't be allowed
- Missing the Ice-T concert
- Safe Sex
- Being barred from only one place and only temporarily at that!
- Having to work
- 5 more reasons...I forget...my short term memory is gone

CINEMA-16

January 4

Carlos Suara
• **The Hunt**

January 11

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Sternberg
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January 18

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JAN	20	JOANNA GFROERER AND DAWN WEBB
JAN	27	CHARANGO

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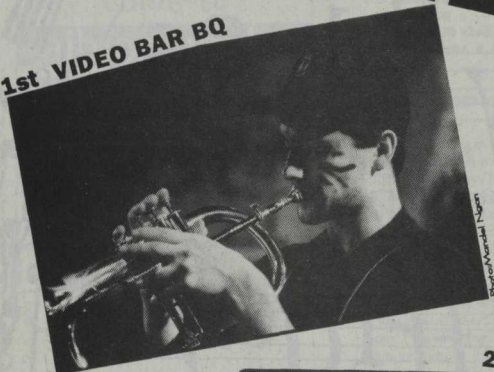
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SHINDIG WINNERS!

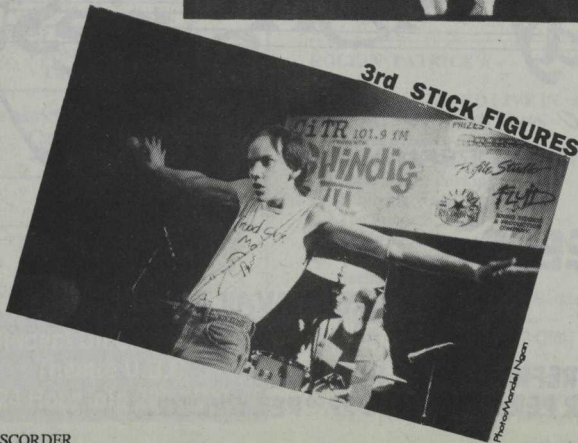
1st VIDEO BAR BQ



2nd GRACIOUS 4



3rd STICK FIGURES



Three months ago while researching ways to improve my liver condition I hit on what seemed to be a good idea: "Why not be a Shindig judge this term?" The bi-annual battle of the bands sponsored by CITR was about to start and judges were needed. A Shindig judge doesn't get paid but he gets free beer while performing his/her judgely duties at the Railway Club, one of the most civilised bars in this city.

The official idea is that new local bands (they must have at least changed their name if they entered last year) are introduced to the people who want to hear them. But being cynical, I always thought that everything in this world is fixed: elections, boxing matches, the Grey Cup, Shindig...At least, fixed or not, I could drink, socialise, be opinionated and maybe

A MAINTENANCE DRINKER'S GUIDE TO BEING A

even play God. Can't think of anything better to do on rainy winter nights (at least while standing up).

So on September 12th I was ready for the first contest. The drive from my place to the Railway Club only takes about five minutes, which gives me time to drink three of the beers I keep under the front seat for emergencies (being held up at lights, putting up with housewives driving their Volvo's erratically, trying not to rear-end people who have "Baby on Board" signs, etc.).

The first step in to Shindig for all participants—musicians, maintenance drinking judges and various other pilgrims—is to get past Shane the doorman's caustic wit. Not an easy task. I suspect he was a maitre d' in a fancy French

restaurant in a previous life. A sarcastic philosopher-type who has an invaluable knowledge of music. Once in, I was promptly informed that judges should arrive before the first band starts and not ask questions like "So, is this the first or second band?"

I learned a lot in the course of the next twelve weeks: The best place to sit is in the back so as not to be unduly influenced by gimmicks like stage presence, and one can get a drink much faster at the back bar. One should never say loudly, "I'm sure the next band will be better because I'll have had more to drink by then." I even managed to learn a lot about local music, which covered the ground from the incredibly lame—who will remain nameless—to the totally righteous—Excited First Daughter, Video Bar-B-Q, Benzyne Jag, Picasso Set, Idiot Savant and Brides of Zamfir (especially the singer). Some bands even managed to be barred from the process (*Damage C'est Damage*), which is surely a claim to fame. The all-time best Vancouver band BTO ('73-'74 model) was also barred from Shindig.

Judges are also asked to stay on the premises until the end of the last band's set, even if the discovery of a large animal's head in one's bed that morning has already convinced one that the first band is really the best and deserving of one's vote.

Bands are graded on stage presence (15

SHINDIG JUDGE

points). Items like pointy shoes, ponytails and black clothing don't help; psychotic stares, miniskirts (on men) and dayglo are all worth bonus points.

Musical ability can be worth 15 points as well. Unusual instruments, playing with missing strings with no audible difference, horn sections, and electric saws are all good for full marks.

Fifteen more points can be scored for song-writing. The biggest no-no is to sound anything like U-2 or REM. However, ripped-off Zeppelin solos are quite acceptable.

The last five points are given for audience response, which is determined by how many friends and relations the band has conned into coming to the Railway. The first band to play is at an advantage in this category since their friends only have to show up for an hour or so and can then proceed home to watch Morton Downey Jr. Each Monday night the band with the most points wins. Very scientific. Unless of course bribing or threats have already predetermined a winner.

These are of course only a maintenance drinker's attitudes and opinions. The other four or five judges were all tee-totalling, church-going, all-around nice upstanding pillars of the community, so my votes probably had no effect on the whole thing. Well, gotta go to the liquor store now and pick up a crate of Columbia Extra.

Rockin' Patrick

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THE PICASSO SET
PUKE THEATRE
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KALIHARI FERARRI
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Bright/Heat/Wonder

It used to be a joke between them. A warm joke. An affectionate joke. But a joke. He'd put his hand on her stomach and say—I feel him kicking! They laughed. And sometimes they'd play What? What if I got pregnant by accident? What name do you like for girls? What would your mother say? It's so easy to imagine; you can say anything you want. You can make it all disappear whenever.

Mirrors. She passes them by, afraid to look, to pause, to look at herself. Her face brick, her stomach desert. Not, not desert anymore. But flat? Yes, flat. Very, very flat. A secret. But moving.

This way of sleepwalking all the time—somnia ambulist life so painless effortless all empty all consuming a fat vacuum. Details go unnoticed. Flowers, the curve of a chair, a shadow, the smells of a kitchen. His face? Dissolved. Everything. Photographic memory. Print only. Rows and rows of print: categories organised to be filed. Away.

She sits in the bathroom thinking about not thinking. If there was a way...She would be a terrible mother. He would be a wonderful father. They—

He has been here forever. She knows his every habit/thought/gesture. And yet. She is startled to realise she doesn't know him at all. Who is this stranger sleeping beside her? She doesn't trust him.

The apartment is a cage. Once it was a refuge/palace/cloud. Once she lay on the bed with him, looking up through the windowpane at the pale pale blue/white sky and that was everything. She paces now, stifled, the radiators will not turn off steam on the windows. She must get out into the streets: impersonal and open.

They move through rooms. He says things, she replies. She wants to scream but clamps her jaws together. He talks about TRUE LOVE TRUST THEIR FUTURE. Just the way he always did/does/will, he is the same, the very same, the earth rotates, all things continue. A constant innocent. Blind. Unknowing. Happy? She says yes yes yes but can't smile.

It is not a question of knowing or not knowing. She knows. It is knowing what to do next.

The bus to the university skirts a dense dark forest. There is a bus stop, beside the forest. What is it doing there? She has never seen anyone get off at this stop and no one gets on either. There's only forest, moist and mysterious.

She begins to skip classes. The stifling rooms and the endless pages, the endless talk talk talk pushing her, pushing.

She watches him at his desk surrounded by books. A student—devouring/appropriating all history, vomiting it back onto page after white page. No privacy. She is nauseous. She will not be a student anymore—she refuses to be part of this process of false history. She will not be a fact for him, automatically incorporated without question/examination/permission, captured into print and picture. No photographs/mirrors/handwriting. She is clear and transitory. She will leave no trace.

This realisation that she is entirely alone in the world now. Cut off from him through this secret. Silent. The way a new being makes her completely and truly alone: 1 plus 1 equals 1. Internal arithmetic.

There is a sudden urgency. An urgency to kiss. At all times she is struck with this desire. But no him. Anyone but him. A stranger. A man she will meet on the street or in a cafe bus bridge beach gallery department store and perhaps they will begin a conversation. Perhaps not. Perhaps they will only look at each other.

On the street sometimes she sees people she knows but pretends she hasn't. Such encounters are tiresome—questions and explanations, series of untruths/halftruths/omissions. At some time small talk became too difficult. She crosses the street, avoiding. Maybe another day. She wishes a stranger would approach her, bring smiles and conversation without demands, without expectations, without polite malice, without the past. Tell her stories. Make her laugh. Comfort from strangers? What does she expect—her face is brick.

The possibility of vanishing altogether. It is possible but it takes trust. She imagines walking into the middle of the city and disappearing. Into a stranger's life. For good.



She walks all the way to the water, smelling salt and oil. Traintracks. Lines and angles: hard, straight.

She goes to matinees, sitting alone in the dark, wondering if a man will sit beside her, their arms touching accidentally on the armrest, the jolt the retreat the pause the return the smile the first word. Sometimes she sleeps, waking at the end of the film when the lights come on. No man, no jolt. Only hunger.

In the street: all the boys and men. She glances furtively this way and that. Her stomach growls.

She stares at the counterboy. He looks away, shy. Slim and large-eyed. She feels impatient/explosive, tears the crusts from her sandwich. Asks for water.

You have a beautiful voice, a man says. A revelation, a slap from the stool beside her. A voice—something so close and personal yet thrown out into all those careless faces day after day. A voice—something not thought about but taken as given, part of the mysterious inner workings of mind and body. An awareness of such magic.

Water. Simple clear good. She drinks glasses and glasses. Before a given, now a delicacy. Outside melding with inside. Fluid. She smiles at him over the rim.

What do you do?

Nothing.

I'm an actor. Ha ha!

An actor. No single past but many. No personal traces, no history.

She bites him all over ravenously without tasting. Afterwards, they lie still. She doesn't smoke. I'm an actor ha ha ha. He does impressions. James Cagney. Mae West. Clark Gable. Robot parrot, regurgitating identities on cue. She is nauseous. Tricked! Actor worse than scholar—vacuums, vehicles, taking credit for things belonging to others. Go-betweens, empty in themselves.

An awareness of light. The patterns of light on this wooden floor—illumination: bright/heat/wonder. Not a stranger's life, her own! He is in the shower, singing Al Jolson. She dresses quickly, silent. She will leave no trace. Her stomach is warm.

It is so bright today—the sunshine pointed and brittle. Her eyes. She cannot see in some directions. It is still cold. Counting: two three four five six seven eight nine. December. Late December.

So many lives living things moving; she does not know them, she has not sought them out. This being inside of her, she does not know its life either. She never thought to think.

She takes the bus that goes to the university. She pulls the cord and gets out—the only one. She waits until the bus is out of sight and then slowly slowly she steps off the road and down the embankment to where the forest begins.

Sian O'Shea



TOP TEN REASONS TO LIVE

- 1 Food
- 2 long showers
- 3 music
- 4 jokes
- 5 sex with someone you like
- 6 sleeping late
- 7 getting up early
- 8 it's a safer bet than the alternative
- 9 you may be necessary
- 10 suicide is impolite

TOP TEN REASONS TO DIE

- 1 rain
- 2 dirty dishes
- 3 big mistakes
- 4 stupid people
- 5 who needs you?
- 6 politics (see #4)
- 7 Samantha Fox (see #4)
- 8 fashion slaves (see #4)
- 9 head games
- 10 you gotta go sometime

by Paul Funk

Peter Lutwyche

Top Ten Reasons to Live

1. Ministry
2. Cod
3. Sunday Mornings
4. Low Notes
5. Dancing
6. Wavis O'Shave
7. Castles
8. Powertools
9. Gregorian Chants
10. The Tear Garden

Top Ten Reasons to Die

1. Large Animals
2. Margaret Thatcher
3. Molson Canadian Beer Adverts
4. 10:30pm Wednesday, The Pit
5. Christmas
6. Tom Cochrane
7. Cappuccino
8. Internal Hemorrhage
9. Kingman, Arizona
10. Another Teen Movie

Top Ten Reasons To Live

- Your family
- Your girlfriend
- Your friends
- The belief that you as an individual can make a difference (hint, election day)
- Nice warm sunny summer days
- Rainy days
- The opportunities to advance in this country of ours
- MSA
- Vancouver (our wonderful city)
- Rock and Roll

Top Ten Reasons To Die

- AIDS
- The indifference towards finding a cure to AIDS
- The erosion of the Ozone layer
- The extinction of animal species
- The poisoning of the earth with toxic chemical spill or leaks i.e. Ocean dumping, Nuclear waste and Love Canal
- Poverty (general antipathy and indifference to the growing number of homeless and poor)
- The Arms Race
- Air quality (greenhouse effect)
- Racial strife in South Africa and social unrest in Chile and Israeli occupied zones in the Middle East
- Acid Rain

Greg Garlick

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Interview:

Paul Morrissey first came to prominence as the director of **Andy Warhol** films such as *Trash* and *Heat*. He has since made a mark of his own with films like *Forty Deuce* and *Mixed Blood*. **Discorder** talked to him when he was in town during the Vancouver Film Festival for the opening of his new film *Spike of Bensonhurst*. **Discorder:** People say that you have an aesthetic. A unique aesthetic that's quite different from Warhol. I'm wondering if you have some sort of view on that.

Morrissey: No, that was something in the program notes. I don't know who writes such things. I'm not sure what my own aesthetic is or what Andy's was suppose to be. I can't answer that question. It's not clear in my own head, what that's all about. It's too complicated. It's hard to give a whole history on what these experiments were with Andy and what we were doing and how they were connected. They all make some vague sense in my mind but it's a whole long story. They were experiments and they led me in my mind to rely on humour and personality to tell a story. Andy, I don't know if he had any aesthetics. He didn't want to tell a story and he didn't think you needed to tell a story that had direction and I understood what he was getting at. I helped him try to make films that weren't stories but weren't directed. They were interesting but they were experiments. Experiments are something that are interesting, they might help you later on in some other area but they don't usually lead to anything that's permanent.

I think some things you could do over and over. I think there's nothing new under the sun and a good story is a good story and that's all that will ever happen in fiction. And movies are fiction. A good story is good because the characters are good. I don't think there was any big aesthetic there. I think it was just common sense. **D:** Did you manage the *Velvet Underground*? **M:** Yes, I discovered them and thought I could make a few bucks off of them. But I realized they were prima donnas. They were an attempt to make money because we couldn't make money with the movies and the experiments. We thought maybe we could add all this footage projected behind them and make it look 'hopped up.' Make some money because everybody was making money with records then, and now more than ever. It was an attempt to make money with a musical act.

D: How long did that last?

M: Oh, it must have been a year or two. As soon as they realized they could make money they decided not to work anymore. So you can imagine how thrilled I was with that. I think they just wanted to keep all the money themselves. **Mr. Reed** wanted it all which he wound up getting. They weren't the great fun people. Well, what rock 'n' roll group is? Anyway, they had some cute songs.

Nico was a great asset to my mind. They were jealous of her, there was a lot of pettiness involved. She had a genuine mystery and a beauty and a kind of uniqueness and distinction that set her apart from everybody else; that

incredibly deep voice. But she got perverse too, and went on a wave of self destruction for years. She started to come back and then she died of this accident; sort of a mild stroke. She wasn't accepted in three different hospitals in this Island of Spain. She died in a Red Cross because nobody would (take her in). She didn't have medical insurance.

D: Some people say it was Warhol's idea to add Nico.

M: It wasn't Andy's idea, it was my idea. It was my idea to try and make money. I thought they would be enormously enhanced instead of this sorta dreary drug sound music they had. To counter-act that with traditional femme-fatale beauty. To get away from the ugly drug addict look of all the other musical acts of the time. She walked into the factory studio around the same time I discovered them. They really needed a singer who had some personality because all we had was Lou Reed. He (Lou) didn't like that.

Morrissey talks about actors, acting and directing referring to characters in some of his films. Spike is the ambitious Italian kid in *Spike of Bensonhurst*. Diago is the rough guy in *Mixed Blood*. Udo Kier appears in both *Frankenstein* and *Dracula*.

D: Spike, he was really goofy?

P: Ya, I think so.

D: Did you direct him like that.

M: It was written like that. He knew what to play. He played a kinda insensitive strong-headed goof. I think he had an innocence about him. It

was ambivalent. He wasn't a monster but he was certainly no hero.

D: You didn't have to work hard to get him to act?

M: Not at all, I didn't work hard at all. I never work hard at acting. The actors do that and they do it all by themselves. I try to have absolutely nothing to do with it. The less I have to do with it the better the results are. Once I cast the actor I understand and I suggest without saying that it's their job. I think direction is so much indirection. Labouring things or hitting them on the head with a sledge hammer and calculating is not my kinda thing. That's more melodrama. In humour you have to be spontaneous, you have to be constantly available to make a fool of yourself. Questioning. It's something that's instinctive and that's why I like it. I don't like drama because it's not instinctive, its calculating. I don't mean when I see good drama I don't like it, but I myself don't do it.

D: How do you set that situation up among the actors and crew?

M: I don't. I set it up by not setting it up. You keep asking a question about how hard I work. How do I set it up? There is a way, but I can't tell you because I avoid doing setting up and things. Like I say, it's indirection. I think its not unusual. Almost all good comedy directors, when you read about them, work like that.

D: The same thing was true about the guy who played Diago in *Mixed Blood*.

M: Yes, I didn't tell him anything and he had terrible problems with speech. With some Cubans it's very hard to lose their accents. He had in addition a dyslexic problem where he reads letters backwards and blonde became blomme. Suit would become soup, instead of a 't' he said a 'p'. So the effort he had just to get out the stuff he had memorized came across as an insecurity, a kind of a timid folly. I knew where he was coming from. So I didn't ask him to improve his speech or anything. I like that story. Some people say they can't make sense of it, but I say "So What!" It's interesting. You do it without planning it. You try to play it by ear.

D: What about Udo Kier? Is he still acting?

M: Yes, he works all the time in Germany. I got a postcard from him recently from Japan. He did a big German-Japanese co-production.

I liked him also because he has problems with English. The German accent he had was necessary to me to do a real horror movie. I think any *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* movies require accents. To have Americans play them is absurd to me. He is a wonderful actor. I loved the way he spoke and he has a weird face. He looks like a Martian. People would use him or not use him because of his face but I used him because of his speech. Then, of course, when the film appeared in Germany they didn't even let him do his own German. They're so funny about that - they have to have professional dubbing actors do all the dubbing. They don't usually let German actors do their own speech.

D: Why?

M: They have these traditions in Germany - its all 'Art'. But it was his speech in English that I liked. In German it might not have been as menacing because when an American or Eng-

lishman hears a German speaking English it has an extra element.

Every situation calls for different possibilities and you just have to be open. That's why I don't like this 'working hard' or 'setting up'. I say, "Let's see, let's see." That's the spontaneous thing I like in acting. I think one has to start in the direction. You have to be a little spontaneous and open when you're doing your direction.

D: How did Spike of Bensonhurst come about? M: I forget the genesis of the whole thing but the irony was that if you want to live in a humane civilized way - Urban America - you have to seek the protection of notorious mafia gangsters to get civilized living conditions.

SPIKE: What does it say on the Statue of Liberty.

KIDS: Give me your tired and your poor; give me your huddled masses.

SPIKE: And what else!

KIDS: Give me a right to refuge, yearning to be free.

SPIKE: And who's going to regulate all these rejects?

KIDS: Organized Crime!

SPIKE: I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

KIDS: (LOUDER) ORGANIZED CRIME!!!

SPIKE: Right! Organized Crime!!

M: That to me is an ironic and comical paradoxical attitude towards life that I see repeated in the pattern of all the characters in the story. It's a kind of a lunatic complication of life. Spike's in boxing but he's in boxing to lose not to win.

Someone says to Spike: You always win playing God, only if they fix the fight for you. He says: Do you think I want to be brain damaged? Well, he's right. There is the search for morality in the midst of immorality. The desperate need for morality is so powerful, so bourgeois. Standards are so desperately needed now in the horrible toilet that people are given to live in; it's funny to see them surfacing through this mud. Yes, they have to come out because people can't live in the anarchy of the liberal behaviour, do what ever the fuck you want. It's just too awful and too inhumane. It's so barbaric to put people in that situation and this is what the governments have done in the cities. You have a little province here, but you'll get it soon enough. Your crack will be here. You'll get your crack addicts, crack alleys. Somebody said they're down in Seattle. That's not far away. I understand Seattle's a real toilet.

I think people should start behaving themselves. The Soviet Union will make them behave. The Soviet Union is a very popular country in the world now. They say West Germany is going to vote to go back to East Germany because they don't like the permissiveness that's

happened. Don't you read the stories of the German Politicians? Most of the politicians are for re-unification with the Russian East Germany. I think if Gorbachev ran in America with his Soviet system he'd get as many votes, if not more, as anybody else. I think people want that kind of discipline. I don't want it. I'd be put in a Gulag in no time. Half the world is slave controlled by a government; the other half is government not doing anything. You have to take your choice. The story of Spike is about a little government run by gangsters, which is slightly better.

I was reading the newspaper and it showed the head of the Board of Education in New York visiting a Spanish English class in this toilet. It showed this photograph of Robert Wagner Jr. visiting this class and it was a toilet. They said the classes are so crowded, they use hallways and toilets for classes. I just wrote that down, "Toilet Classrooms". It says everything about the situations people are given to live in. I said I won't underline it too much, I'll just leave it there. That's what I mean that you have to be open to whatever happens and what you can use. It's just a juggling act, making a movie. I was explaining how unbelievable it is - this drug selling. Story after story in the papers. I'm not researching this. I'm just reading my daily paper. Nobody cares.

Kids selling the drugs had beepers and the kids who wanted their crack just get up out of the classrooms. They say they're going to the bathroom, but they go out of the classroom and they go to a public phone and call the phone number for the crack. The answering service beeps the crack dealer's 'Kid'. The kids have got beepers and usually more than one beeper goes off at the same time. During these idiot classes the beepers are just beep, beep, beep. These kids just step up and walk out. They don't say I wanna go to the bathroom. I'm not making this up, this is in the paper. They just walk out of the classroom to go to the public phone and give the kid their crack. Crack is sold in the classrooms with beeper systems. Nobody gives a shit. Nobody cares. They cannot do anything and they won't do anything. You cannot exaggerate the extent of the drugs.

The headline from the Post, I wish I put it in the movie. It read: NEW YORK CITY IS CRACK CITY.

D: Do you have a project that you're working on right now?

M: I have two or three little things floating around and I don't know what will get going.

D: Along what lines?

M: I would like to make a movie of the Puerto Rican girl in Spike. I like her because she's so reactionary to today's types. She's very withdrawn and very private and very mysterious and she doesn't jump up at crack. And because I think she's an interesting person. She's a kind of Thrillback. The movie was originally called Spike and then Thrillback, but that didn't connect. I like Thrillback because I like things coming out of the past into today's world. It's differences that set people up, make them interesting.

Mimi Nightingale

JANUARY 1989 13

Sonic Youth. The name itself implies a degree of mysticism. Here are four people from New York whose body of work has caused them to be elevated to an almost God-like status by their followers. Their reluctance to do interviews combined with their street cool attitude and image only widens the existing gap between artist and audience. This is a sophisticated noise band with a different approach.

SONIC YOUTH

Interviews are usually setup via managers, promoters, and record company dupes prior to the band's arrival in town. In the case of Sonic Youth, we had no such luck. The promoter suggested we try to contact the band during sound check to see if they were interested in an interview. With this action in mind I headed for the Town Pump. Even if they told me to get lost I'd at least get into the gig for free.

When I arrived at 7:30pm there was already a sizable line-up of ticketless folk who knew the show was a fairly sure sellout. I pushed through them, and approached the ominous restraining rope. Now, the doormen at the Town Pump seem to suffer from some kind of schizoid condition. They alternate between being easy-going, eager to please nice guys, and being infuriating, hopeless bozos on a terminal power trip. The latter was their demeanor on this night. They first told me that nobody could be admitted until 8:00pm. I informed them I was there to interview Sonic Youth. The door guy insisted I was not on the guest list and could therefore fuck off anytime now. I suggested he check the list again. He did so for a couple of minutes, all the while repeating that, nope, I wasn't on it. I eventually grabbed his clipboard and pointed my name out, which produced a pseudo-surprised 'oh' from Mr. Confrontation. He was not deterred. "I'd let you in but to be honest, only one member of the band has shown up yet." This was an interesting statement considering I could see the band's guitarist **Lee Ranaldo**, drummer **Steve Shelley**, and bassist **Kim Gordon** wandering about the lobby just behind him. By now my little war to get inside was over five minutes old, and drawing a bit of attention. Someone let Lee know I wanted to interview them. He didn't seem too pleased. "What the fuck is going on here, dude?!" We didn't hear anything about no

interview!" I explained the situation. He consented to an interview but didn't seem ultraclean. I smiled as he led me past the doorman.

We went to the pair of tables inhabited by the Sonic Youth/Screaming Trees contingent. I knew I was in trouble from the start of the interview. I asked what they could tell me about their new album, **Daydream Nation**. Their response? "It's a double album. New material." I stared blankly. As Lee and Steve ate I talked informally with them. They leave to do the sound check thing and I'm left to scavenge the considerably healthy uneaten portions of food. Lee had a jumbo burger with water. I ate all his fries that weren't polluted with ketchup. Steve had a chicken burger and some mystery barbecued meat chunks. I don't know what they were but they were yummy.

Later, Lee asks what I do and I inform him that I work in a record store. He screams this information across to the band's other guitarist, **Thurston Moore**. Thurston is suddenly interested in me since he likes to visit record stores while they're on tour. I am now accepted. They remember my name from this point on!

I finally met Kim Gordon. She had been giving me slightly cold looks for the past hour but thankfully she was giving everyone slightly cold looks. She's very intense yet warm and personable. Thurston and Lee were interested in going to the record store, which I offered to open up for a Sonic Youth private shopping session. Our entourage of about eight walked to the store. Once inside I was faced with the decision of what to play in order to be cool and gain their approval. I settle on **Bug**, the new **Dinosaur Jr.** album. Within two bars everyone is screaming wildly, "Bug! Bug! Buuuug!!!" **Dinosaur Jr.** is unanimously the favorite band of Sonic Youth.

You may wonder what they bought. Well, Kim Gordon wanted a **Boys Next Door** limited edition cassette, but it was too expensive. Thurston wanted **Dressed To Kill** by Kiss but ended up buying a used **Boston** cassette. Lee wanted a best of **Bob Seger** cassette but we only had **Night Moves**. As a substitute, I gave him one of each of the thirty-seven varieties of **Madonna** postcards which so fascinated him. And an extra **Shanghai Surprise** one. Lee sent one of the **Surprise** postcards off to **Minutemen/Firehose/Ciccone** Youth superstar **Mike Watt**. Somehow I felt special. I later found out Mr. Ranaldo had helped himself to the **Elvis** postcards. **Naughty New Yorker**. The band was surprised to see the infamous **Ciccone Youth** (the group's tribute to the lady **Madonna** herself) release, **Into The Groovy**, on a seven inch.

We headed back to the club where Lee explained why they don't play much older material live. "It's not a matter of being dated or anything like that. We have so many guitars, we have twenty something guitars with us. We're tuned to play the new stuff, and we'd have to have another ten guitars if we wanted to do the old stuff, and we just can't deal with it. Plus, we don't remember how to play half of them."

Upon entering the dressing room we were greeted by a rather large table-sized bucket filled with beer and ice. I wonder if local bands get this treatment. After a couple courtesy beers I was in just about the right mood for the appearance of the dreaded **Capitol** representative. You see, Sonic Youth is no longer on **SST**. **Daydream Nation** is a **Blast First** release, but a distribution deal has been worked out with **Enigma/Capitol**. But not to worry, there are no compromises on the new album.

The local **Capitol** girl who came by to be an official groupie entered the room looking for someone named Kim Thurston. Accompanied by some other bimbo, she proceeded to make a fool of herself as she pathetically played the 'meet the rock star' game. Everyone in the room made fun of them but it seemed to go over their heads. Expecting drool and thankys, she explained the special CD and cardboard guitar raffle promotion that was planned. Thurston and I suggested our idea of raffling off a used Sonic Youth **Q-Tip** as an alternative. The **Capitol** joke woman pretended to be amused. The singer for the **Screaming Trees** was throwing up in the adjacent room, but we were assured he did this before all their gigs.

The **Capitolette** discovered I was from **CiTR** so I became the temporary focus of her attention. "So you'll do the draw?" she asked/demanded, assuming that because I was from a radio station I would get up at the front of a packed nightclub to participate in the giveaway of a hunk of cardboard. "Yeah...sure," I replied, thinking that when the moment came the evening's consumption of beer would enable me to laugh in her face. But she didn't find me later. Damn.

Time to make some music. Sonic Youth went on after Thurston spent what seemed like an hour fine tuning guitar after guitar. I'll admit my bias, but I thought they were great. All new

material except for a song from Bad Moon Rising. My only complaint is that distance between the band and the crowd.

Now to give this article some informative substance in order to justify its existence, here is a short list of **SONIC YOUTH FACTS**:

- A new Ciccone Youth lp is due in January.
- Sonic Youth are touring with twenty-one guitars.
- Sonic Youth have advanced to the point where they tour with two vans instead of one.
- A shared record with Seattle's Mudhoney is upcoming on the Sub Pop label. Each band will cover a song by the other one.
- Sonic Youth spend four to five months of the year on the road.
- There is a Kiss loop on Master-Dik.
- Thurston Moore uses a Norelco 650 TX electric shaver that has universal voltage so it can be recharged anywhere in the world.

Keith Parry
Environmental Scatology
Mondays 12:30-4:00am

Most important reason to die: life is meaningless and unpleasant.

Most important reason to live: death is equally meaningless and unpleasant.

All other reasons really don't count.

Rob Simms

Top Ten Reasons to Live

I want to see the second coming of Christ, and throw rocks.

There's still a few potatoes left in the Kama Sutra.

I'm only partway through the recipes in my bar guide.

Half the planetary population is of the opposite sex.

I have yet to find a painless method of death.

I have my DJ slot.

My mother loves me.

I still need to find the perfect taco.

Elvira is still single.

Elvis is dead, and if I died, I might have to hear him again.

Top Ten Reasons to Die

Four more years of Mulroney.

Four years of Bush as President.

Dan Quayle could take over.

David Letterman could get syndication.

I'm falling ALL my courses.

I've never tried death before.

My ex-roomie left her Wayne Newton records behind.

People still listen to LG73.

People still make the kind of music that's played on LG73.

Geraldo Rivera lived through the skinhead attack.

Randy Iwata's Top Ten Reasons to Live or Die Based on a Summer of Travelling

Gourmet hot dog with ten different mustards, three barbecue sauces, three chili sauces, ketchup, sauerkraut, onions, olives, jalapeno peppers from a sidewalk hot dog stand beside Ryerson Polytechnical in Toronto.

Pig farm and Jellyfish Babies at the Silver Dollar in Toronto, a two-floor 'remodelled' former Chinese restaurant still with the red paint and vinyl bench seats.

Seeing twenty-one dead animals on the freeway while driving from Montreal to Ottawa.

Cappuccino at a really pretentious sidewalk cafe off Yonge St. in Toronto at 4:30am.

Stuffed Chicken on Brown at Delli-City on St. Laurent in Montreal.

Going through a flat of 36 Hershey's Peanut Butter Cups, a bottle of Pepsi, a six-pack of bottled mineral water, a box of Swiss cheese crackers (complete with holes), and a package of Oscar Meyer Bologna while driving from Ottawa to Toronto.

The Sugarbushes at the Siboney in Toronto, a second-floor club with no air-conditioning and packed to the ceiling.

Miller beer commercials all night on a campus radio station in Toronto.

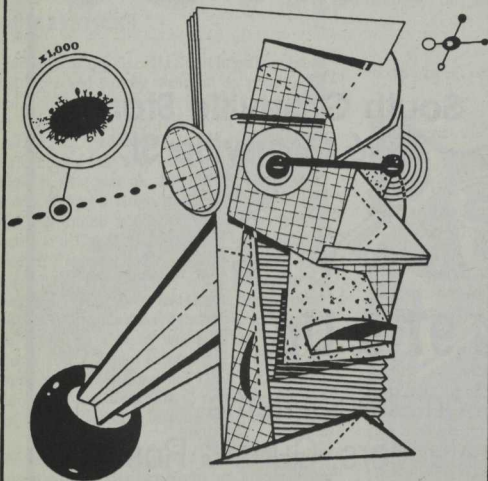
Spirit of the West at the Horseshoe in Toronto, where I was truly amazed at the number of people who said they lived in Vancouver and went to the Railway.

Comed beef on rye at Schwartz's on Ste. Catharines in Montreal.

Malcolm's Interview at Barrymore's in Ottawa before an audience of fifty people at the very most.

The tollgate for the main bridge from Halifax to the airport which has a big mesh bucket with a target into which you have to throw the toll without stopping.

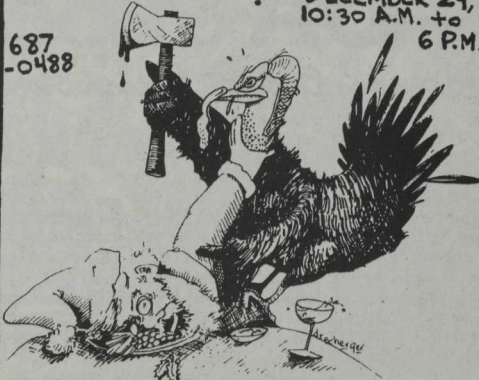
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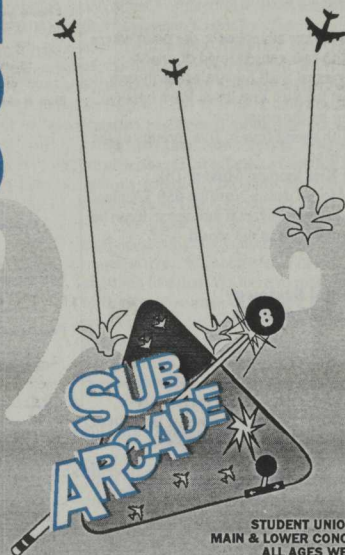
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ART AND ABOUT

A semiregular column on art, artists, and related happenings, that is what Disorder wanted.

So I look in my closet. Definitely black. You have to wear black unless you want to project that misunderstood, outcast, rebel image, then you wear colour. Or is it the other way around? The fashion thing is tough unless you really don't care what image you project, but that in turn is a heavy statement in itself. Maybe that is why everyone in the art scene wears black: it takes too long to figure out the implications of the alternatives. Art can boggle the mind right from the start.

BLACK

I finally have some clothes on and go down to Gastown. It is Monday night, night of the art openings, night of beers, friends and aliens, night of many fashion decisions and a little art. Most people only go to art galleries on opening night.

In Gastown there are several non-commercial galleries within walking distance: the Orr, the Contemporary, the Artspeak and the Pitt International galleries. Also, the post-opening pub, the Marine Club, is nearby. That is the place where you can see all those people you just met at the art openings and play pool with them. The Marine Club is usually the best part about openings. So Monday night is a rockin' time in the art scene, usually.

HOCKEYSTICKS

I had not read my Georgia Straight gallery guide that night and simply went out on good faith. Don't do that. No openings in sight that particular Monday. The only place with its lights on was the Pitt. I had actually heard about a groovy performance that was supposed to take place there, so that was ok. Bill Bisset would read poetry, Tippy a Gogo would do weird things with his mouth and other percussion instruments and Carol Moiseiwitsch was going to ... what? Tappdance? Yodel? I don't know. The possibilities were endless and I wanted to be there. But, my brothers and sisters, the performance had taken place the night before and tonight we would be able to watch it ON VIDEO. Thank-you, I do not empty out my closet and tromp out in the rain to watch T.V. I do that in the security of my home. So, to avoid frustration, put a little research into your art safaries.

The Pitt, however, did have a great and redeeming art exhibit: Hockey Night in Canada. A lot of the pieces were framed with hockeysticks (I knew those things were good for something). One of these was a monoprint of a woman's

body entitled, *The Hockeyplayer*. That kind of threw me since it was a woman. Shouldn't it have been 'The Bride of Hockey' or something? Or do women play hockey? Is that a sexist question? That's what I love about art - questions, questions and no answers. There were also beautiful large-scale drawings of somewhat mystified, star-gazing hockey players with little pipsqueak soundeffects attached to them - violence buffered by sweet nostalgia. A lot of the artworks commented on the brute violence and the ritualistic T.V. trance that hockey pours over Canadians - a people so afraid to loose that precious cultural identity. Oh No! That was very close to being political. You can see that even a seemingly fun and superficial exhibit could trigger monumental molehill thoughts. (If you think you can do that with art.) If thinking hurts your brain, just laugh at art and enjoy the ride. There is something for everyone.

THE PETRIDISH

One of the most prolific breeding grounds for artists is the Emily Carr College of Art and Design on Granville Island. This is where artists evolve and flourish, where they work, more or less, hard; it is a busy and happy happy haven before the cold world takes over. There is always something to see there either in the Charles H. Scott gallery or in the main concourse. In the Scott I saw a furniture and design exhibit called *Virtu* (meaning 1) objects and articles of beauty and quality, 2) a taste for such objects. (Just a little something to add to your espresso vocabulary.) I find most 'art-furniture' beautiful yet hopelessly arrogant. I would not like to live in the same house as most of these objects - the *Empire* lamp for example. Yes, it looks just like the Empire State building crafted exquisitely out of wood, but why? Why is it a building and not a lamp? Or this table painted with cowspots,

standing on cow legs with a hideous pink cow's udder underneath the tabletop. What a horrendous thing to face in the morning with a hangover. Actually, I really loved most of the pieces there. The *Alexandrie* lamp was a perfect example of that modern, classical-industrial style: a roughly poured pyramid-shaped concrete base with an oxidized copper pipe extending out of it and a very small, yet effective halogen lamp attached to the end. No superfluous squiggles, no pretenses, just an honest lamp created from raw, urban materials. Blade Runner, eat your heart out.

POSTMODERN BIRDBRAIN

Birdhouses designed by architects at the Cartwright gallery, also on Granville Island. That was a laugh: everything from postmodern columns with swimming pools to woody and poetic bird perches. My favorite was this plexiglass villa with little stairs and doorways that seemed merely quaint until I realized it was a bird-killing contraption! All the birds that entered were doomed to a miserable death. First, they enter through the doorways and eat their designer seed mix, then they try to fly skyward, as birds do, and hit the plexiglass roof over and over again. I know how this works because I used to, as a kid, construct such things to kill wasps. So you would soon have a plexiglass house full of bird corpses. Not the thing to give your grandmother. This show is on until Jan 1.

More, more more. There is a lot of art out there and we will try to cover some of it. Remember: art may be frivolous, it may spew vicious slime of abuse or tickle you with mild irony, but it can give you something to chew on and it is almost always free. So go out there and enjoy, whatever you're wearing!

Julia Schenck



It was cold and wet and kind of dark at 6:30-ish of a November eve. I was bound for the old Town Pump to do an interview with the **Screaming Trees** of Ellensburg, Washington, a small town just on the other side of the Cascade Mountains. This was my first interview and I must admit, I was nervous. A major problem was that the meeting hadn't been pre-arranged so it was up to me to approach this band with the ominous name and convince them that my motives were as clean and pure as my freshly-scrubbed-and-shaven face.

I entered the Pump. It was warm and familiar, which was good. There was no one there I even faintly recognised. This was bad. All I had to identify the band with were the fuzzy, but quite nice photographs on the back of their album. I decided to walk up to a long-haired guy I thought kind of resembled someone who could possibly be **Mark Lanegan**, the lead singer of the Trees, but I wasn't sure. I introduced myself, found that I had indeed discovered a real live Screaming Tree, and promptly asked if he would like to fill **Discorder** in on what the band is all about.

Discorder: I understand that the band is from a small town—Ellensburg, Washington.

Mark Lanegan: Yeah, we all are except for our bass player, she's from Olympia and that's where she lives.

D: Is it difficult to get label attention when you are from such a small place?

M: We did our first record locally, just some guys in town. It was their first record as a company although they have done a couple more since then. I think it was because of our first record and playing live that got us the attention of SST. I don't think it was any tougher for us than for anyone else. It's kind of tough no matter where you are.

D: How big is Ellensburg?

M: Oh God...It's a real small town. There is a university there, but in terms of actual population there is maybe 13 or 14 thousand.

D: So in terms of fan support, do you have a sort of college following?

M: It's strange, the radio station there doesn't seem to want to play a lot of new music. There are students there who like us, and then there are some local high school students as well. It's such a small town that there isn't any sort of music scene to speak of, but we've had some shows there from time to time.

D: That's kind of unfortunate. Actually, I was sort of hoping you'd say something like "It's the Athens, Georgia of the Pacific Northwest!"

M: (laughs) I wouldn't say that, but there are

some other great bands in Ellensburg. There's a band called **King Crab** and another one called **Green Shoes**, which has the little brother of our guitarist player **Gary Lee Connor** as its drummer. But there are seriously about four or five good bands there.

D: In another interview, I heard that you wanted to challenge **REM** to a fight on stage. Is this true?

M: That wasn't me. That was our old bass player kidding around. Actually we played in Athens once and their bass player came to our show, but I didn't meet him.

(We discuss **REM** for a short while, decide that we both like them, and wish them well in all their future endeavours.)

D: If asked to describe your sound, what would you say?

M: I would say it's just eighties rock and roll!

D: Influences?

M: Oh yeah, there is just a ton of influences, we like some sixties bands like **Velvet Underground**, **Thirteenth Floor Elevators**...seventies hard rock and we listened to **Husker Du** and punk bands like the **Sex Pistols** and the **Saints** and all that shit.

D: With regard to your latest album, what does **Invisible Lantern** mean?

(The lights in the Pump suddenly and mysteriously dim.)

M: Whoa, mood lighting. It feels a lot more intimate now. **Invisible Lantern** could mean anything really—

D: Oops! (My tape recorder falls and shuts off, thereby aborting the response, but it wasn't a really great question anyway.) What are the best and the worst gigs you have played?

M: I think that we have had a lot of the best for me personally. They can be good in a lot of different ways. But there have been a couple of bad ones. I remember this one show in Eugene, Oregon, when our guitarist blew up an amp during sound check, then knocked over another amp onto his guitar and broke that in half. It was the first show of the tour and we had to come up with some new equipment real fast. Most of the bad things that happen involve breaking stuff. We've never been spit on or booed off the stage yet!

D: So Mark, what would you like for Christmas?

M: Gee, that's a tough one. I'd like a lot of money but any sort of gift would be great.

D: What about boxer shorts? Are the band into boxers, with Christmas coming up and all?

M: God, I've tried, but I don't wear them. I usually end up giving them to the lead singer for **King Crab**. Although I think our bass player likes them.

(Key hint here: If you want to send the band a gift, no boxers. They don't wear them.)

D: You guys have done five records in three years. That is quite a rate.

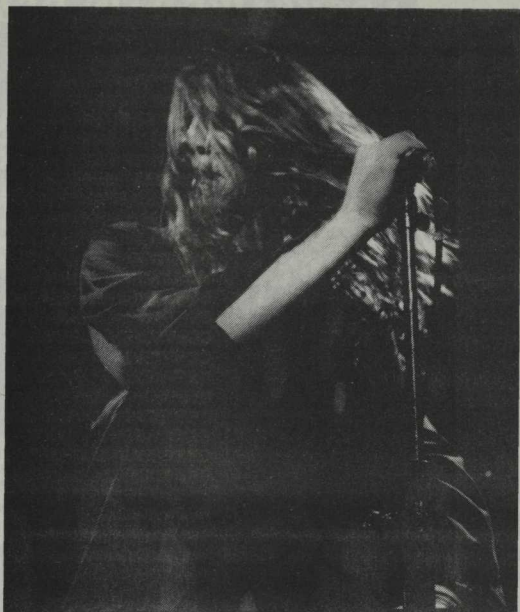
M: Well, our guitarist just writes a ton of songs. Songs, songs and more songs. We're lucky to have a record company that lets us record them.

D: Final question—What is the ultimate goal for the band?

M: Well, we have never really discussed it, but I guess it would be to keep on making records we like; hopefully other people will like them too, and we can keep travelling and playing.



Photo/Mandel Ngan



Photo/Mandel Ngan

Well. The interview was over. It was fun and I had gained some insight into the band. However, I was now looking forward to a wild show with the Trees and Sonic Youth. I was not disappointed.

The Screaming Trees were loud and furious. Great Stuff! Visually the band was quite fun as well. They had hair. Lots of it, and dammit, they knew how to use it. I thought Donna Dresch, the bassist, was the wildest, at least hairwise. Watching her I was reminded of the Loop-a-Plane ride at those cheesy carnivals that come through small towns. But the whole band was great to watch. Mark Pickeral pounded the beat with much authority while Mark Lanegan howled sounds that I knew, but couldn't quite make out because of feedback and a muddy mix.

Gary Lee Connor, the guitarist, was almost a show himself. He leapt and thrashed, periodically throwing his considerable bulk into the air, and at one point, off the stage into the crowd. He took this opportunity to perform a feedback-laden solo amidst the enthusiastic crowd before rolling back to his bandmates. Such was his energy that he nearly whacked my friend in the head on one of his frequent strafing runs. We stepped back, not quite ready for physical injury—even in the name of rock 'n' roll.

Yes, it was wild, it was woolly, it was an all-round good time. This *Discorder* reporter enjoyed the Screaming Trees and looks forward to seeing them again, should they return to our fair city.

Michael Leduc

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VIDEO

What I like about video is that there is a low percentage of art. Art doesn't belong on my VCR-fed TV. Anything I watch that might be considered "Art" is just disposable pop culture commercial sorta-art, not real art at all.

An example? A recent horror/action film blitz, beginning with *Re-Animator* (available with all the original gore intact at Videomatica). Plot? Resurrection of the living dead, who are pissed off at the living and want to hurt them. Good make-up, effects and acting (within the limits of the genre), not too cheap or intelligence-insulting, not too serious. This film puts horror back in the drive-ins, where it belongs. A solid B.

Even less serious is *Beetlejuice*, starring Michael Keaton. Sure it's big budget and mainstream, but it's pretty funny up until the slightly silly special effect extravaganza ending (the usual modern way to wrap up big budget comedies). Keaton has at least two hilarious scenes, including one (a listing of his 'bio-exorcising' credentials) that reveals his almost Nicholsonian acting ability. (Well, watch it and see who he reminds you off.)

Best of all, Keaton doesn't have to carry the whole movie, preventing him from developing the comedically debilitating 'Bill Murray Disease' resulting from constant exposure.

While we're in the mainstream, let's pick up *Lethal Weapon* at the 7-Eleven. Starring Danny Glover and Mel Gibson as cops with big guns, there are many shootouts and other flashy stuff. Pretty to watch, but not much to enrich my life. One dollar and 39 cents down the tubes.

Slightly better is *Bestseller*, with James Woods as an amoral assassin working for a business magnate, and Brian Dennehy as the cop/author documenting his story. Although most of the underlying premise (commercial empire built on trail of murders) is quickly disregarded in favour of action, James Woods is a psychotic joy, with an intense stare and a steady gun hand.

Hope and Glory is a cut above all of these films, the story of a young boy growing up in London during the war. Based loosely on director John Boorman's childhood, the film is in that modern slightly soft focused alternate reality British style, an effect highlighted by a very well communicated childlike sense of proportion. Some minor events (like swearing) are very important to the central character, while the death of a friend's mother is an odd curiosity not really understood. Very good movie.

Lastly, we have *Don't Look Back*, a 1967 documentary of Bob Dylan's last solo acoustic U.K. tour (in the spring of 1965), which occurred just as his radically different 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' was climbing the charts. The film opens with the sequence that is shown as that song's rock video, and proceeds to follow a slightly famous young Bob Dylan, a folkie with five LPs out, through lots of backstage scenes that demonstrate his overall togetherness and verbal jousting skill.

As well, there's a moment when an unnamed band (maybe it was the The Hollies) tells him that they play lots of his tunes, but arranged as a five piece with electric guitars. He seems honestly intrigued with the idea, saying he wasn't used to thinking of his songs in that way, but his next album, released five months after the tour, was the startling and electric 'Highway 61 Revisited'. Oh yeah, Donovan's in this too, and Joan Baez, and there's a fair bit of Dylan concert footage, all very early stuff, which I hadn't heard of a while, so I enjoyed it. Warning: this film is black and white. Attempts to colourize it with Crayolas will be very hard to clean off the TV screen.

Dave Watson

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DAZED AND CONFUSED

Well, you know what they say: anything worth living for is worth dying for.

- 1. CiTR Gets High Power.** Obviously this is good: CiTR is a decent radio station and deserves to get out to as many people as possible. Obviously this is bad: there's no way the South Burnaby Concerned Christian Parents for Gravity and Stability won't eventually try to 'do something' about us. There's no way this will be all fun.
- 2. Morton Downey Jr.** This guy scares me. I wouldn't be surprised if he's the 1992 Democratic Presidential Nominee. Yet, his show can entertain, and it does shed light on a certain YAHOO MAJORITY which most of us sophisticated intellectual types would rather pretend doesn't exist.
- 3. Midnight Oil Live (twice).** Great show both times (better in the Coliseum because it wasn't illegal to dance). These guys really rip it up live, rolling thunder and all that. But the audiences in both shows were dead, dead, dead. Capable of polite, maybe even enthusiastic applause, but where's the passion, where's the power? What's wrong with kids today?
- 4. Prince Live.** I'm sure you're sick of the raves, but I must repeat myself one more time: if you don't like Prince, you're either homophobic, a white supremacist or too old. As for the folks who 'sat' behind us at the concert, I can only bang my head on the road and groan. Didn't anyone ever tell you rule one of concert going? You're not allowed to tell people they can't dance, even if they are blocking your view. This should go for society in general: church services, bank machine line-ups, funerals, U2 movies, you name it.
- 5. The Canadian Election.** A damned entertaining campaign if you looked at it from the right angle. A damned depressing result. Oh well. MOST APT EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD ANTI-FREE TRADE ANTHEM: THE GUESS WHO—AMERICAN WOMAN.
- 6. The American Election.** A damned boring campaign any way you looked at it. The good news: George Whatzname (a Republican) is the next president. Who better to reap Fucked-Up Ronny's bitter harvest. I just hope we don't go down in the undertow.
- 7. Bill Vander Zalm.** Yes, he's continued to entertain, but the guy is our Premier (the man with the most important job in British Columbia) and frankly, I'm just not cynical enough (yet!) to find this only funny.
- 8. Mind Altering Drugs.** 'Nuf said. I've probably already broken the law.
- 9. Movie Trailers That Tell You the Whole Story.** Advertising for the traumatized, the gentle, the brain dead (the same people who read the last page of a book first). Fortunately, they're usually for awful films which I wouldn't want to see anyway, especially after I know everything that happens.
- 10. Commercials From Hell (not my 'turn of phrase').** You know the ones. They go on for half an hour or more, and pretend to be talk-shows, or serious documentaries, but all they really want to do is sell you something you don't need. Have you noticed there's more of them all the time? Have you worried that this might be the future of free television? One long commercial from hell that never ends. Maybe it's supposed to be funny. Deep satire. A savage comment on the sorry corruption of our souls.

Ultimately, I don't know. Lots of confusion in my brain in '88, and there's no particular reason to expect clearer skies in '89. Oh well. Praise BOB, don't trust the aliens, Just Say No to the Manipulations of THE CONSPIRACY, and beware the Jabberwock.

Bill Mullan

Dave Campbell's Top Ten Reason's to Live (or Soups I Have Loved)

- 1. Mom's Split Pea with Ham.** (Mom & Dad's house, Harrison Hot Springs, BC)
- 2. Yvonne's Justifiably World-Famous Potato-Cheese Soup.** (Cafe-Cafe, Hastings St., Vancouver)
- 3. Yvonne's Clam Chowder (red or white) every Friday.** (Cafe-Cafe)
- 4. Teresa's Lettuce Soup - cold.** (West End, Vancouver)
- 5. Mom's Beef and Barley.** (Harrison Hot Springs)
- 6. Subway's Carrot-Orange.** (SUB cafeteria, UBC)
- 7. Yvonne's Broccoli & Mushroom.** (Cafe-Cafe)
- 8. My own Chicken-Vegetable.** (Pandora St., Vancouver)
- 9. On Lok's BBQ Pork Won Ton Noodle in Soup.** (Hastings St., Vancouver)
- 10. The Anticipation of the Borscht Yvonne hasn't made yet.** (Coming soon to Cafe-Cafe)

Top Ten Reasons to Die (or Why Bother?)

- 1. I've signed my organ donor card.**
- 2. Loneliness is a crippling disease.**
- 3. This headache is driving me nuts.**
- 4. I took a week's holiday to relax and I feel worse now than I did before.**
- 5. My bedroom is freezing.**
- 6. You don't really care about me. You say you do but you're just being nice. I can tell.**
- 7. I've lost my glasses.**
- 8. I can't think of any more reasons.**
- 9. Disorder never publishes anything I write anyway.**
- 10. The task is done.**

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JEROME BROADWAY To Live and Die in 1988

1988 was yet another strange year. For many it was a year made up of issues. The Federal election, the Presidential election, Free Trade, the Gretzky trade, the anti-abortion bill, and the we've-got-to-dump-the-despot-anti-premier- Bill. For myself though, it was a year made up of personalities. Strange people. From the cab driver in Manila who ran the red lights and stopped for the greens, to the woman from New Jersey who wanted to fix me up with her step-daughter because she thought I was the ambitious achiever type. Wrong! There were others, from the likes of William Burroughs to the Chicago doorman who refused me entry into Mother's Bar and Grill because of my Reid Fleming t-shirt. However, my favourite personality was Ralph, a panhandler in Berkeley for whom I bought a Corona and tried to convince that his problems were not as great as my own. Like I said, '88 was a strange year. As for '89, I don't think it'll be any stranger. Unless of course the one-legged guy living in the San Francisco airport turns out to be right.

Top 10 Things that made 1988 worth living.

Prince performing The Cross at Pacific Coliseum.

Skinhead O'Connor in 86th Street

The Aberdeen night market in Hong Kong.

Dean Stockwell as Howard Hughes in Tucker.

The Godfather's single Birth School Work Death.

The lug-headed cool of Spike of Bensonhurst.

Ice-T, Kool Mo Dee, Eric B and all the other rappers that helped answer the big question of 1988—'What time is it?'

Hallowe'en night in San Francisco.

The Thriffrids' Kelly's Blues.

Committing driving related offences on the Santa Monica Freeway to R.E.M.'s Orange Crush.

Top 10 Things that made 1988 less liveable.

Knee injuries.

Carol Guptail. (No, not an unrequited love but a dangerously superficial person who manages to continue haunting me.)

Certain major theatre chains' annoying habit of showing commercials before the feature.

Bobby McFerrin's Don't Worry, Be Happy.

Legal hassles. (The score so far: 3 letters from lawyers, 1 from the Attorney General.)

The countless hours spent waiting around in Airports.

Receiving continuous reminders that Vancouver is really a very small town.

The closing of the Arts Club on Seymour to live bands Friday and Saturday night, and the take-over of the Savoy by unimaginative yuppies.

American trophy hunters. They represent all that is wrong with free trade. They plunder this country and leave nothing in return but carcasses.

Living in a world that could elect Brian Mulroney and George Bush, but that couldn't see fit to put this year's most important political figure, Cowboy Bob Ellis, onto Vancouver City Council.

TOP TEN REASONS TO LIVE:

1. I HAVEN'T HAD SEX SINCE APRIL
2. MEL (MY FAVORITE ROBOT)
3. ELVIS IS ALIVE AND WELL IN KALAMAZOO
4. DAVE LETTERMAN DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS LIST
5. VANCOUVER IS MUCH BETTER THAN TORONTO
6. TWO WHOLE BEEF PATTIES, SPECIAL SAUSE, LETTUCE...
7. HIGH POWER!!!
8. ALL OF MY PROPOSALS HAVE BEEN PASSED
9. WE'RE GETTING A REAL COMPUTER
10. THE CPC-ML AND ELECTION COVERAGE

TOP TEN REASONS TO DIE:

1. I HAVEN'T HAD SEX SINCE APRIL
2. CORN BEEF ON RYE DOESN'T EXIST IN VANCOUVER
3. PUBLIC TRANSPORT IS MORE EXPENSIVE HERE
4. EVERY WOMAN I FALL IN LOVE WITH IS GAY
5. I'VE BEEN ASKED TO INSTALL HIGH POWER
6. 99.9 FM
7. PHONE HYBRIDS
8. PEOPLE ARE SO MELLOW HERE
9. PEOPLE ARE SO HYPER THERE

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Chris Brayshaw's Top Ten Reasons to Live:

1. The Weekly World News concludes another year of hard-hitting journalistic excellence with the headline, LOST WWII BOMBERS FOUND ON MARS!!!
2. Simon, the Siamese cat living in the window of the Book and Comic Emporium on Granville Street. The only bright spot in an otherwise dismal block characterized by things like the Flash One pub and vomit stains on the pavement.
3. Michael Jackson's show at the Tacoma Dome was cancelled.
4. Midnight Oil's show at the Coliseum wasn't.
5. December sunrises seen from the Upper Levels Highway at 6:45am.
6. Canada geese.
7. Canada Customs allows me to import an old Genesis bootleg duty-free.
8. Iain Banks novels.
9. DC Comics kills Robin, the Boy Wonder.
10. Conservatives lose seats in the federal election.

Chris Brayshaw's Top Ten Reasons to Die:

1. Danielle Steel's publishers label her, "The world's favourite author."
2. So do Barbara Cartland's publishers.
3. Circus magazine remains in business.
4. Seattle record shop clerk characterizes Genesis as a "heavy metal" band.
5. So does a CKNW afternoon DJ.
6. BC Transit Skytrain Gestapo continue to request transfers, blood samples, retina prints, etc.
7. New Coke remains on the market.
8. Mulrooney re-elected.
9. Bush elected.
10. The Miami Sound Machine defeats Thomas Dolby 50-1 in a 1040 KICKS listener poll.



Top Ten Reasons to Live

(other than Jenna and her meatless lasagna, but not necessarily in that order)

1. A sharp grounder to the third base side that you have to dive for and scrape your knee, but come up with anyway.
2. Atari RBI Baseball/Strat-O-Mat Baseball
3. Any Change of Heart song.
4. A good set of headphones and the new Ministry album.
5. Lazer Maze in the West Edmonton Mall.
6. My little sisters.
7. Chris's elastic band wallet.
8. Kraft spirals.
9. Nightmare on Elm Street: The Series.
10. Income Tax Rebates.

Top Ten Reasons to Die

1. Saskatchewan winters.
2. The Designated Hitter Rule.
3. Vancouver winters.
4. House music/hardcore.
5. Beer company sponsorship in the music industry.
6. The fact that Chris Brayshaw listens to 1040 KICKS enough to know who won the listener poll.
7. Toronto.
8. The snots at Roger's Cable who keep raising the rates.
9. DJ's who don't shower.
10. The fleas that have infested our apartment even though the cat has been gone for a month.

Lane Dunlop
CITR Sports Director

TOP 10 REASONS TO LIVE

1. FRONT 242
2. MIKE RENO IS NEVER OVER WHEN I ORDER PIZZA
3. THAT EVEN THOUGH I HAVEN'T HAD A DECENT WORKOUT SINCE MY HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL DAYS, I COULD STILL MILITARY PRESS MORRISSEY AND ANY THREE GIVEN SESSION MUSICIANS OVER MY HEAD ANY DAY.
4. WEEKEND LACROSSE-BOX HOCKEY.
5. THE FACT THAT I NEVER HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ALL THE PRETENSIONS AND EGOCENTRICITY OF JOCK-O-RAMA AT SFU. AMEN.
6. CERTAIN OTHER PEOPLE'S FAILURES AND THE DEPRESSION THAT ENSUES.
7. KNOWING THAT IF CANADA'S OIL RESERVES WERE TO BECOME SERIOUSLY DEPLETED, WE COULD TAP TOM HARRISON'S SCALP.
8. MISQUOTED MORRISSEY PROVERBS. ANYWHERE.
9. THE FACT THAT MYSELF OR ANY OTHER CITR DJ IS PROBABLY A BETTER CANDIDATE TO COACH THE LEAFS AT THIS TIME THAN IS JOHN BROPHY.
10. THAT SOMEONE, PREFERABLY AN ADVERTISING REP FOR ONE OF ANY NUMBER OF MULTINATIONALS DOING BUSINESS HERE IN CANADA, SOMEDAY WILL BE BOOTIN' ON OVER TO CFMI TO WRAP UP AN \$80-100,000 ADVERTISING DEAL AND TURN BACK TO THEIR HOTEL OUT OF SHEER DISGUST AT THE PROGRAMMING. OR AT LEAST WHAT THEY THOUGHT WAS CFMI PROGRAMMING, WHEN IN ACTUAL FACT THEY HAD THEIR CAR RADIO SET TO CITR - CFMI'S UNWELCOME NEIGHBOUR!!

TOP TEN REASONS TO DIE

1. LOSING
2. ASSUMING THAT THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY ENJOY THE MELLOYS.
3. ANY AND ALL GRACELAND PROPAGANDA.
4. IT BEATS WRITING PAPERS.
5. IT BEATS TAKING THE BUS.
6. SPONTANEOUS BLACKHEAD FORMATION.
7. CHANCES ARE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO NEGOTIATE A MUCH BETTER CONTRACT WITH YOUR RECORD COMPANY. ASK IAN, ELVIS OR JIMI.
8. KILLDOZER ISN'T GIVEN THE SAME RESPECT AS REM.
9. YOU CAN NEVER STUB YOUR TOE IF YOU'RE DEAD.
10. MALFUNCTIONING FAECES RECEPTACLES AT DATE'S HOUSES.

LLOYD ULIANA

TOP 10 REASONS TO LIVE

1. Coffee and grapefruit juice (taken concurrently).
2. Duke's girls.
3. Subhumans reunion concerts.
4. A really good bowel movement (in the morning, after the coffee and grapefruit juice). I'm serious about this one.
5. Acco (a small archaic Arab coastal town near Syria), notably the local Turkish coffee/"imports" shop.
6. Waiting and living long enough to see Vanderzalm slowly (and pathetically) succumb to brain cancer.
7. Did I mention coffee?
8. That one show of total unconscious, spontaneous, and witty DJ banter brilliance (so far eluding me).
9. The highly improbable, but nonetheless statistically possible, chance of picking up a hitchhiker (who turns out to be Kathleen Turner), her Mercedes having broken, and going to a local bar for a few casual drinks, taking her to her apartment, whereupon she coolly asks if I want to have a night of uncontrolled, animalistic sex with her; falling in love, and living together with several cats and a hamster in a secluded beach house on the wind-swept Oregon coast.
10. Dreams.

TOP 10 REASONS TO DIE

1. Realising Kathleen Turner would never, ever hitchhike.
2. Realising I will eventually become an overweight, balding accounts manager, and live in White Rock with my wife of 15 years and our three kids and a beige Ford Escort.
3. The world being taken over by people who resemble Michael J. Fox but have become fundamentalist Christians.
4. Flat Slurpees.
5. Forgetting to change the record speed back to 33.
6. Stubbing one's toe on the kitchen table.
7. Christmas.
8. Living in a mythless society.
9. Golf.
10. Finding out she's married and then seeing what a geek her husband is.

James Boldt

Lachlan Murray's Top Ten Reasons to Die (Eleven Actually)

1. **The King Rat Nexus.** George Bush, Brian Mulroney, Margaret Thatcher, Billy "The Kid" Vander Zalm, Gordon Campbell—reactionary super-aliens disguised as well-known politicians whose goal is to suck the earth dry of all resources, and all human decency, while scooping enough loot in the process to refit their spaceships in time for the sneaky escape just before the Big Bang. Look for the baggy patch underneath the chin—a sure giveaway that something sinister lurks beneath.

2. **B.C. Transit.** Given the size of city welshin, abysmal. To wit, The Graveyard Train to Nowhere, aka Surrey—a situation which smacks once again of Sacred machinations. Note that below Billy Bennett's monument to himself lies a pre-existing, little-used rail line.

3. **Music Television.** The Rock Video has now overtake The Soap Opera as the premier venue for pure corn, gratuitous cheesecake, and pathetic story lines. The original intention (perhaps?) of interesting images complementing interesting music has largely been reversed. We now have aural mush aimed at blinding innocuously with visual bilge. "Breakdown... Shakedown... yer busted." Shoobee-do.

4. **Commercial Radio.** "The Rock Journal" this week features an unjustly maligned artist, one of the world's greatest voices, a man who paid his dues on the pub circuit in the U.K. before guys and determination pushed him to the top of the international charts... Rod Stewart. (By the way, I don't actively seek out this crap in some state of pseudo-critical, masochistic misdirection. It happens to be EVERYWHERE. Ever heard of Big Brother?)

5. **The Georgia Straight.** Our "entertainment" weekly which lately insists on plastering vacillating Hollywood stars and starlets on its cover as if we in Vancouver should be especially interested and oh-so-grateful to know a few days in advance what latest waste of six dollars and two hours on a Sunday evening is coming our way from south of the border. A lead story on Cocktail? C'mon.

6. **Free Trade.** Culturally, Canadians have often revelled their own while idolizing the worst the Americans have to offer. (Note - I say the worst - good American stuff is also reviled.) Free Trade could be a tough blow for much of an already-weak indigenous Canadian culture. Maybe 'Can-Con' will be deemed an unfair subsidy. Most DJs don't like to play it even now.

7. **Clothing Trends.** When will people figure out that fat asses don't look any better for being covered by acid wash jeans, or spandex, or... whatever's next. If your favorite rock star actually looks like a moron with his pants hanky wrapped around his head, chances are you do too.

8. **Thrash Metal.** There should be an immutable law of the universe which runs something like this: YOUR BAND SHALL NOT BE ALLOWED TO APPEAR ON MUSIC TELEVISION NOR YOUR MUSIC BE HEARD ON COMMERCIAL RADIO OR CTR, IF THOU CANST NOT YET PLAY ONE CHORD.

9. **Universities.** Maybe something worthwhile once—on a far-distant planet, in a far-distant galaxy—but now akin to clearing houses for junior careerists. The necessary hurdle—sweetened by lots of booze and drugs and readily available sex—which one must vault if one wishes entry to the upper echelons of society (ie.—house in the burbs; respectable mate one can fool around on without too much guilt; 2.5 kids; 1.5 dogs; multiple vehicles; VCRs; PCs; CDs; plain old boring stereos and TVs; kitchen appliances which look like they came from the bridge of the *Enterprise*; sex toys; etc., etc.).

Top Ten Reasons To Live:

1. Sex
2. Freshly squeezed orange juice
3. Brady Bunch reruns
4. Kodak traffic lights
5. 'cause you want to
6. Adrenalin
7. To thwart Windham Hill records
8. The bubble gum you get with hockey cards
9. Pablo Picasso
10. Air and trees and sound

10. **The Death Of The Book.** Very sad this. 7-11's Romance rack doesn't count, nor does the 38th Bush of the *Zwally Saga*, even if it does include the shocking revelation that Brian Mulroney/George Bush are actually the same person—a disguised super-alien named Brunus Beefcake.

11. **The Death Of Black Music.** With the exception of blues, some jazz, and James Brown, black dance music has declined into a morass of computer scratches, dull raps, pre-programmed beats per minute, and general mechanized mediocrity. OR else it has withheld itself to the point of being touted by the likes of our very own Fox. When counter-culture becomes mainstream, what's left?

Lachlan Murray's Ten Top Reasons To Live (Really Only Eight)

1. **The Blues and Soul Show Every Sunday Night on CTR.** Hosted by Rob Z. or Lachlan Murray. Oh, isn't that a strange coincidence... the author of this list... and one of the hosts—I don't get it... CONFLICT OF INTEREST.

2. **The Yale Hotel.** It may not be as 'cool' as Graeland, but they bring the most topnotch bluesmen (we're talking about real musicians here) to the city, and Monday to Thursday often for free. The jam on Saturday afternoons is bookended by the Wailin' Demons who are arguably the city's most accomplished bar band, even if you don't like their type of music. I do, and I think they are due for bigger things. Van East Cultural Centre gets top jazz booking honours.

3. **Secondhand Record Stores.** Imagine if we had to go strictly on currently available vinyl (yeck), or always had to pay the big chain stores' price (eck!). Thank God for the little guys. Same goes for books—oh, but I forgot, I've already enumerated *The Death of the Book*.

4. **Canada's Wilderness.** Enjoy it while it lasts, Buckaroo, and pity the poor bastards in Tokyo, London, New York, and Mexico City who think green is the colour of the air they breathe.

5. **Artists Against Mediocrity.** The real thing, be it music, writing, filmmaking, or painting. Those people who continue to do what they conceive of as their best despite financial kicks in the teeth and the almost total lack of interest from the MTV generation... and the parents of those vid-kids.

6. **Kurt Preshp(er).** I'll stick around a few more months if only to read within that venerable organ of the university, *The Ubysey*, what absolutely ludicrous and unintentionally hilarious statement on current sexual mores Kurt 'Dr. Ruth' Preinsp(er), philosopher king of UBC, comes up with next.

7. **W.F.F. Television** has finally gone over the edge and its audience with it and in so doing can afford almost 15 minutes of diversion on occasion. How about midget wrestlers wearing politician masks making challenges from the crowd? Body slam Zalm on national television. Helicopter spin a pint-sized Bush.

8. **The Chicago Blues Festival.** It ain't Vancouver, it ain't Broadway, but they do play the blues—for three days, in the park, all free, with half a million in attendance. If you can stand the piquant bouquet of Chicago in June and if you can generally roll with the punches, just the thing for a midsummer pick-me-up. Bars where it's actually still a dollar a beer. (Although I suggest standing Bunch Cassidy style—back to the wall.) A quart of Jack Daniels, or better yet, Wild Turkey, for under \$10. Hey, maybe Free Trade won't be so bad after all.

9. **This is getting tough.** I'll soon be clutching at straws, or worse, thinking of things to add to the Die list. Like that used disrag called *The Province*.

10. **Straws.** Oh hell, I dunno, Guys and Dolls Billiards. There, that's mine.

Top Ten Reasons To Die:

1. Chuck E Cheese
2. Cal Worthington
3. For what you believe
4. Sex
5. The sound of a phone ringing
6. Too many fuckheads
7. Soap in your eyes
8. CHEK 6 T.V.
9. Bell-bottom jeans
10. The water in England

Paul B.A. Steenhuisen

TOP TEN REASONS TO DIE

1. COLOGNE
2. TELEVISION
3. O'RYANS
4. BACKWATER CONSERVATIVE FUCKS (MORE A REASON TO KILL)
5. THAT DAMNED TALKING CHRISTMAS TREE IN WOODWARDS
6. PACIFIC CENTER MALL
7. 86 ST.
8. THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS
9. REQUESTS
10. CURRENT RECORD COMPANY SLIME TACTICS (POOR VINYL, MORE TRACKS ON CASSETTES AND C.D.'S, CASSETTES CHEAPER THAN RECORDS, ETC.) TO DISCOURAGE L.P. SALES.

TOP TEN REASONS TO LIVE

1. SLACK
2. EGGS
3. THE LADY IN THE RADIATOR
4. SLUGS
5. THE RESIDENTS
6. THE CHEWY PLATE
7. PINK FLAMINGOS
8. DINOSAUR JR.
9. PEOPLE
10. TREES

KEITH PARRY

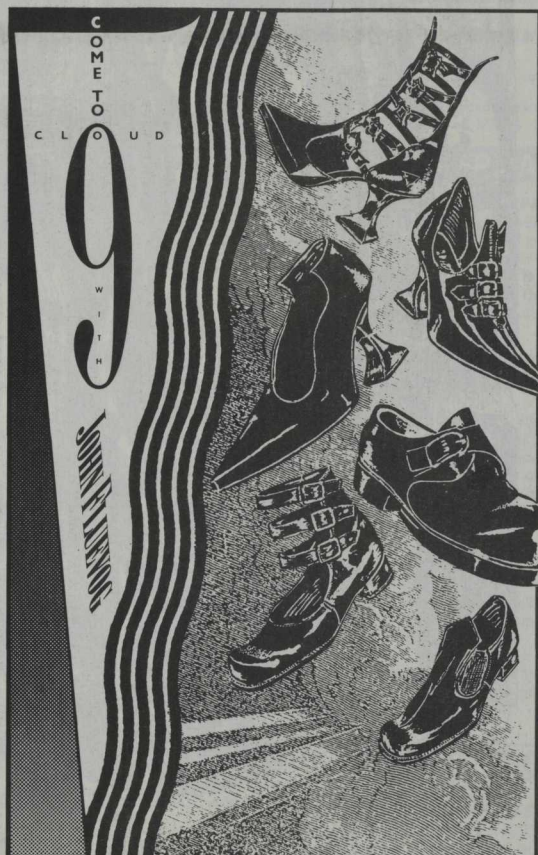
Top 10 reasons to die

1. You've been reincarnated (again).
2. It's your birthday (which is very similar).
3. Someone stole your whole Jay Division collection.
4. It's Christmas.
5. It seems like a good idea at the present time.
6. You're dumping by the next on a long rope.
7. You're bored, and here nothing better to do.
8. The gradual demise of 1980's comic organs.
9. Abba
10. Abba's music

Top 10 reasons to die

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10. Abba's music

Jonathan Wang



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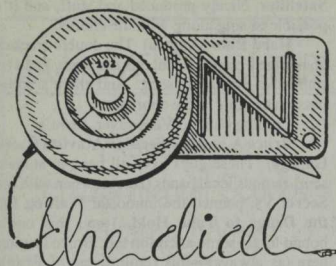
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MONDAYS

THE JAZZ SHOW 9pm-12:30am

Cool, hot jazz hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Jan 2: A sure cure for post-New Year's blues is an album by pianist-leader Horace Silver called "Blowin' The Blues Away". One of Silver's finest with his working quintet. A Blue Note classic.

Jan 9: "Looking Up" by Vancouver's Hugh Fraser Quintet is one of the finest Jazz records to come out

Top 10 reasons to live or die

*There are no good reasons to live
and any reason to die will do.*

*Larry Thissen
Playlout*

Sundays 9:00pm-12:00am

of Canada. This is what Jazz is all about...a sound for sore ears.

Jan 16: 51 years ago to the day Benny Goodman and company brought Jazz to Carnegie Hall. It was recorded and to this day is still one of the most popular Jazz recordings.

Jan 23: "Blue Moods" is the title of one of trumpeter Richard "Blue" Mitchell's most eloquent albums. Accompanied by an all-star rhythm section with Wynton Kelly on piano, this record is like a cold shower on a hot day (or vice-versa).

Jan 30: Elmo Hope is one of the greatest piano

player-composers in Jazz; underrated during his lifetime (he died in 1967) and almost forgotten today. Tonight a rare trio session.

WEDNESDAYS

BC FOLK 5:30-6:00pm

We play an ever-wider scope of home grown folkish music and feature interviews, live performances, updates on folk clubs and concerts.

THURSDAYS

MOVING IMAGES 4:30-5:00pm

Ken MacIntyre takes you, the home viewer on a whirlwind tour of filmmaking and the movies.

Jan 5: Terry David Mulligan talks about acting and "The Accused"

Jan 12: Turning books into movies - does it work?

Jan 19: Producer Sarah Pillsbury (Desperately Seeking Susan, The River's Edge) discusses filming in Vancouver.

Jan 26: UBC's Cinema 16

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 10-midnite

Ed, John, and Peter host. Live in your living room, bedroom, kitchen...

Jan 5: Nervous Fellas

Jan 12: Video BBQ

Jan 19: Stephen Fearing interview

Jan 26: Hard Rock Miners

FRIDAYS

STOMP ON THAT BOPPA-TRON 9-12:30am

Dec 16: Special High-Power Kick-Off/Xmas Party Show Mike and his special guest DJ's/MC's mix up a Monstrous Mega-Blast for the Premier Boppatron Hi-Power Party. Mick and Robert Shea (G-land, ex-CiTR), Al Big (ex-CiTR), David Jones and others all bring their own to this the "Bad-Asset of Jams". Throw down!

SATURDAYS

NECRO-NEOPHILE 3-5:00pm

Supplement your new music (not new-music) knowledge by listening to Chris and Chris spin the newest of the records. These are the ones going on the playlist and will be heard constantly for a week until everyone is bored of them. Hear the dead and living tear off the wrappers.

RADIO INFREQUENCY 6:30-9:00pm

Dec 24: Be there or be square

Jan 7: Live interview with Tom Waits

Jan 14: Live broadcast from the lawn of the Parliament Buildings in Victoria

Jan 21: Live interview with Girls! Girls! Girls!

Jan 28: Tom Jones Super Special

All shows subject to pre-emption by sports broadcasts.

SPORTS BROADCASTS

THUNDERBIRD HOCKEY

Jan 13-14: Calgary at UBC, 7:30pm

Jan 27: Alberta at UBC, 7:30pm

THUNDERBIRD BASKETBALL

Jan 6-7: Lethbridge at UBC, 7:30pm

Jan 20-21: UBC at Victoria, 8:15pm

Jan 28: Calgary at UBC, 7:30pm

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30			CTIR Morning Magazine				
8:00			CTIR NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER				
9:00	Breakfast with the Browns'	Linus Lovelace	Way Too Early	The Spice of Life		The Saturday Edge	Are you Surrey Us Music?
10:00							
11:00		Pest Control	Battersca Park Gardens		Emma Peel Fan Club		
12:00	Soup de Jour						
1:00	BBC WORLD REPORT CTIR NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER — ARTS PROFILE						
2:00	Alien Watchdog	Blood On The Saddle	The Spinsters	D.L.T.	EXPO 66	Power Chord	The Rockers Show
3:00				Out Through the In Crowd	Narduwar		
4:00	The Unheard Music	In Context		Moving Images	Absolute Value of Noise	Neophile	The Blues and Soul Show
5:00		Tribes & Shadows					
	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER, GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT AND DAILY FEATURE					Deadly Doom	
6:00	CrapShoot	Fine Lines	BC Folk	Talk	The Radio Show	Sat. Magazine	Sun. Magazine
7:00	Hot Pink	Neon Meat Dream	After The Goddess	The Vinyl Frontier			Just Like Women/Electronic Smoke Signals
8:00	More Dinosaurs		The African Show	Top Of The Bops	Home Taping	Radio Infrequency	
9:00							
10:00	The Jazz Show	Swirlin' Vinyl Spin		The Can-Con Job	Stomp On That Boppa-Tron	Tunes 'R' Us	Playlout This Is Not A Test
11:00							
12:00							
1:00							
2:00	Environmental Scatology	Aural Tentacles	The Knight After		Soup Stock From The Bones of the Elephant Man	In The Grip Of Incoherency	
3:00						Generic Friend	
4:00							

Well, merry Xmas and happy New Year and Shindig finals (and exams) and all that—to celebrate I've decided to try to deal with as many of the demo tapes that've been piling up around my house as possible. So here are a few. (Better late than never, right?):

Rin Tin Tin (Give Me a Chance) Hey, all I know about this tape is that the band's from Montreal and a certain friend of mine at a certain other local campus station likes it lots. Then of course there's the little insert with lyrics and a charming depiction of the Man with the Mandate. As for the song itself, well, there are lots of Mulroney speech snippets and a little wild stereo panning to liven things up. A good time for all non-YPC's.

Pete Archer (Young and Beautiful) At first I thought my tape deck was running slow—I mean, this doesn't sound much like the old Pete-Archer-the-political-commentator I've heard before. I actually enjoyed this, and it ought to shake up the usual demo airplay status quo a bit. Anyway, Pete says it's meant as a bit of Christmastime peace and love etc etc message, which is nice.

Scream Scream Scream (Shake that Hand) This throws me off. There's this funny drone-y/dirge-y pace and then the word multi-national is thrown around quite a bit, which makes me think the song might be about Free Trade (or am I obsessed?) I'm sorry but I find this pretty boring, although SSS probably blows away everyone else in their home town of Prince George.

LOCAL Motion

Radio City (Arson) A good sounding (catchy, if a little familiar) guitar riff and unforced vocals are this song's strong points. I'm not sure what to think about the lyrics, but the overall sound and feel is inoffensive and even nice. I wish I knew more (read anything) about this band.

The Intoxicators (Where are We Going?) This band has a cool name (and a sense of humour, since the tape is called—my favourite slogan of the 80's, haha—**Say No to Drugs**) and a cool band member or two (**Jim Hearst**, who also sings for the **Flunkies**; **Dylan Jones**, a former **Wunderbread** guitarist; and **Mike Dennis**, who played with **Bill of Rights**, **Forbidden Beat**, and some group called the **Psychobunnies**). The song's got a catchy guitar line and seems well written but suffers a little from slightly wobbly vocals and sparse production. A good beginning, I suspect.

And now three from Calgary:
Celibates Anonymous (Take us away) Unfortunately, this isn't the best song on the cassette. It starts off with a Robin Leach impression, which is kinda fun, but (in spite of being done on a 16-track) the production isn't so great. On top of all that, the guitar sounds pretty bad and the vocals are dreary and buried in effects. Too bad, really.

Liquid Light (Love to be Awake in a Dream) LL's got some great song titles, ie **Frozen in the Alley of Love**, **I'm So Glad About Dyin**. Really this is just a silly song that for some reason reminds me of the Georgia

Satellites. Nicely produced and stuff, and it's possible to sing along with the chorus.

Hard Rain (Angela) The double-tracked vocals are a bit much, but this is a pretty good (if somewhat standard) song. And there's some passionate stuff in the chorus.

Coming back to Vancouver, there's:

Bruce A and the Secular Atavists (Love Garage) These guys have all been in at least semi-famous local bands (**Bruce**, when with the **Secret Vs**, penned the immortal **Waiting for the Drugs to Take Hold...**) and this one's bound to get some attention too. **Bruce** is witty here (as always)—this reminds me of **Frank Zappa** (circa **We're Only In It For the Money**, the album that poked fun at **Sgt. Pepper** and hippies in general). The slightly strained backing vocals add a certain charm and make **Love Garage** even more camp as well as cool. My only regret is that, due to one catastrophe after another, I haven't been able to see them play yet. And since they're headed for the studio right now, it may be a while before I get another chance.

The Scramblers (Salvation Train and Out of Sight Out of Mind) **Scramblers** fans can't possibly be disappointed with this. Sure, this tape's even better produced than their earlier offerings (**Salvation Train** was partly produced by **John Cale**), but the lust-filled (lust-inspiring?) **Scramblers'** sound is as strong as ever: Howard's still talking about what's in his pocket, **John** and **Ziggy** and **Ron** and **Randy** are still supplying unadulterated rock and roll. What more can I say? Powerful stuff. Not for children.

Janis

slash

Recording Artists

SONS of FREEDOM

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TOP TEN REASONS TO LIVE

Appreciative construction workers
Opera Music
Harrods Toy Department
A cool sea breeze on a warm August evening
Ice cream
Massage and zinks
Count Floyd
Tea and Scones
Environmental preservation

TOP TEN REASONS TO DIE

Hot Hits
Like, being totally embarrassed or insulted
& like when you try so very hard and, well,
aaggg! and stuff, YUKOI
Annual cut exceeding annual allowable cut
No more toilet paper
Bureaucracy (Bureau Crazy)
Tequilla
Disco revival
Stagnation of the fittest
Road runner re-runs
Flared slacks

Top Ten Reasons To Live:

1. Sex
2. I've yet to see someone spontaneously combust.
3. Drugs
4. Life is fun.
5. I don't want to upset my mom.
6. I don't believe in an after life.
7. Jim Morrison is alive and I haven't met him yet.
8. Everyone else is doing it.
9. Rock and Roll
10. I would lose my liberties. That's unconstitutional.

Top Ten Reasons To Die:

1. Sex
2. I would get my name in the paper.
3. Drugs.
4. Life sucks.
5. For once, I wouldn't have to explain myself.
6. Someone told me to.
7. My girlfriend's into necromancy.
8. Everyone else is doing it.
9. Rock and Roll
10. I'd get a nice suit.

Darren Reiter
CiTR Program Director

SpinList

ARTIST

BOMB THE BASS
MINISTRY
*SONS OF FREEDOM
SIOUXIE AND THE BANSHEES
*SONIC YOUTH
LYDIA LUNCH/CLINT RUIN
*OVERSOUL SEVEN
R.E.M.
THAT PETROL EMOTION
*MANUFACTURE
GREATER THAN ONE
VARIOUS
*FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY
ALIEN SEX FIEND
ANNABOUBOLA
*SKINNY PUPPY
TOM WAITS
COCTEAU TWINS
*MY DOG POPPER
*MOEV
HALF A CHICKEN
LAIBACH
KMFDM
ICE-T
FISHBONE
DEAD CAN DANCE
TROTSKY ICEPICK
*ALICE DONUT
*SARAH MCLACHLIN
ADRENALIN O.D.

*DENOTES CANADIAN CONTENT

TITLE

INTO THE DRAGON
RAPE OF GOLD AND HONEY
SONS OF FREEDOM
PEEPSHOW
DAYDREAM NATIONS
STINKFIST
OVERSOUL SEVEN
GREEN
END OF THE MILLENIUM ...
TERRORVISION
PEACE 12
COOPS-WRONG STEREOTYPE
DISORDER
ANOTHER PLANET
HAMAM
VIVISECT
BIG TIME
BLUE KNOLL KNOB
668 NEIGHBOUR OF THE BEAST
YEAH,WHATEVER
FOOD FOR THOUGHT
LET IT BE
DON'T BLOW YOUR TOP
POWER
TRUTH AND SOUL
THE SERPENT'S EGG
BABY
DONUT COMES ALIVE
TOUCH
CRUISING WITH ELVIS

DEMOS

ARTIST

*SCRAMBLERS
OF MIND
*SCRAMBLERS
*BRUCE A
*A MERY COW
*DOTS
MOE
*HERALD NIX
*ROOTS ROUNDUP
*ROOTS ROUNDUP
*SCREAM,SCREAM,SCREAM
*TESTAMENT

*DENOTES CANADIAN CONTENT

TITLE

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT
SALVATION TRAIN
LOVE GARAGE
POP-O-MATIC
EENY-MEENY-MINEY-
WILD WILD WOMEN
COASTIN'
SITTING ON OFFENCE
SHAKE THAT HAND
CRUEL GAME

Top 10 Reasons to Live

1. **TEA**
The Draught of Life
2. **BOOKS**
'I love the place; the magnificent books...I require books as I require air' (Sholm Asch)
3. **ENDLESS RE-RUNS OF LANE IN 'THE RIVER'S EDGE'**
'Whaddya think this thing runs on - GOD'S OWN METHANE?? Har, Har. Har...'
4. **THE TIME THEY ARE A-CHANGIN' [THE ALBUM] BOB DYLAN**
5. **TINTIN**
'One must keep fit, Captain.' (Prisoner of the Sun)
6. **THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY**
Okay, so I have a word fetish...wanna make something of it?
(menacing glower from behind wire-rimmed spectacles)
7. **BED**
'It is amazing how few people are conscious of the importance of lying in bed' (Lin Yutang)
8. **RAIN**
9. **INSANITY**
'Insanity is the key to survival' (seen in the toilet of Cafe Zen)
'In fact, the two are synonymous' (C.W.)
10. **IF ALL ELSE FAILS....**
To see, and be given a massive jolt of self-esteem by tomorrow's Smile of the Day.
(If you're reading this on a Friday, definitely commit suicide.)

Top Ten Reasons to Die

1. **For Disorder**
'...guitar player, ancient, wise CiTR, sing your ode to my cock....'
2. **BEING 20 AND STILL A FERTILE BREEDING GROUND FOR ZITS.**
3. **BEING 20.**
4. **THE SIGHT OF (SNIFF) CURIOUS GEORGE BOOKS.**
5. **MY LOST CHILDHOOD - (NOTICE A THEME DEVELOPING HERE?)**
6. **OUT OF PITY FOR HUMANITY**
If it was good enough for God, it's good enough for me...
7. **JEFFREY LEE PIERCE SINGING-SCREAMING- 'MY DREAMS' ON THE LAS VEGAS STORY.**
8. **'The only choice one has in life is whether to kill oneself, or to go on living.'**
(Albert Camus - The Myth of Sisyphus)
9. **THE ALEX FRASER BRIDGE IS WAITING FOR A SUICIDE TO TAMPER WITH ITS SURREAL PERFECTION.**
10. **'This is a sharp medicine, but it is a physician for all diseases.'** Sir Walter Raleigh on the scaffold of his execution smiling as he ran his finger along the edge of the axe.

""Viola Funk?" Who the Hell is She? - Who Cares!!"

Nardwuar the Human Serviette presents ...

Top Ten Reasons to Live:

1. **Northwest Music** - Groups like DOA, No Fun, Nomeansno, The Sonics, The Wallers, Green River, Young Fresh Fellows, U-Men and Sarcastic Mannequins all invoke a deep personal hormone expansion seldom seen anywhere else.
2. **Kicks Magazine** - The greatest fanzine in the world. Put out by two New-Yorkin', butt-rockin' individuals by the name of Miriam and Billy, who make this rag smell, feel and look outasight. Get your ultimate toilet companion by writing to: Box 646 Cooper Station, NY, NY 10003.
3. **Your name in print** - The tingling sensations that quiver down your backbone upon seeing yourself immortalized can bring some degree of spiritual harmony to you, a hopelessly dead soul.
4. **Food and Sleep - A&W Mozza Burgers** and heavily used, warm saliva coated pillow cases are just two of the specifics in the food and sleep department designed to keep the world alive.
5. **Can't Stop the Music** - The only Movie planned to keep your heart a pounding through the use of the Village People, and 1976 Olympic Gold Medal Decathlete Bruce Jenner.
6. **"Perks and Kicks"** - These two forms of stimulation can be either artificially or manually triggered, and do indeed cause temporary, if not permanent, relief from daily hassles.
7. **The Vox Music Company** - An organization solely devoted to keeping people alive through cheesy organ-driven, fuzztone-crusted, kaboom-powered instruments.
8. **Sweat** - This particular phenomenon provides the human race with instant, life-saving friends—animals. Animals love to lick up salty sweat from all over both massive and petite undulating bodies. They never miss a drop.
9. **People** - these manipulative tools, not found in heaven or hell, provide you, the reader, with a degree of nostalgic live-ability.
10. **Brooke Shields** - Hark, everyone should attain to be an electric prune at least once.

Two Few Reasons to Die:

1. When your enemies disappear.
2. When you run out of blood.

Ian Crutchley (Are You Serious Music)

Top Ten Reasons to Die

1. Serious Illness
2. Accident
3. Murder
4. The rising price of the stuff I like to swallow.
5. The Bill Cosby Show
6. Canadian Politics
7. Nixon in China
8. Happy Days Repeats
9. The food in Place Vanier
10. Madonna

Top Ten Reasons to Live

1. Madonna
2. My "my generation" record
3. Charles Ives
4. Madonna
5. The Canadian Music Centre
6. The Morton Downey Junior show
7. Leave it to Beaver repeats
8. The Rite of Spring
9. Smarty Pants cookies from Dukes
10. Glenn Gould playing Bach

ROWENA JORGE STONEFIELD'S TEN TOP REASONS TO LIVE

1. **NEGITORO TEMAKI SUSHI AT SAPPORO ON MAIN AND MARINE**
1. **SHREDDED PORK WITH FRIED RICE CAKES AT SO CHIT ON KINGSWAY**
1. **STRAWBERRY PANCAKE AT THE ELBOW ROOM ON JERVIS**
1. **SPINACH AND FETA SAMOSA AT SWEET CHERUBIM ON COMMERCIAL**
1. **CORN CHOWDER AT DOLL 'N' PENNY'S ON DAVIE**
1. **PORK POTSTICKERS AT HON'S ON MAIN**
1. **SESAME FRIES WITH MISO GRAVY AT THE NAAM WEST FOURTH**
1. **SMOKED SALMON WITH KAIWARE SPROUTS AT NANIWA-YA ON THURLOW**
1. **SPICED TEA AND PAKORAS AT THE FOLK FESTIVAL**

Top Ten Reasons to Live

music
dance
knowledge
touch
death
friends
flirtation
laugh
kiss
magic

Top Ten Reasons to Die

music
dance
knowledge
touch
death
friends
flirtation
laugh
kiss
magic

R.D.'S HOT SHOP TM

SNOWBOARDS **SKATEBOARDS** ACCESSORIES
CLOTHING



THREE LOCATIONS: SALE ITEMS!!!

LOWEST PRICES!

■ 8261 OAK STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C. V6P 4A8
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■ 1405 HUNTER ST., NORTH VANCOUVER V7J 1H3
(604) 987-1975

INDUSTRIAL ECLIPSE

DECEMBER

SAT 3
ALTERNATIVE
NIGHT
NEW MUZZAK +
OLD FAVORITES

FRI 2
HIGH ENERGY
DANCE MUSIC
MIXED CROWD
POPULAR NEW DISCO
TECHNO-POP

SAT 10
HOUSE NIGHT
- LATEST IMPORTS
PLAYED.
- HOUSE/ACID
RAP ECT.

FRI 9
MUSIC NITE
OUT
- DANCERS

SAT 17
CLASSICS
NITE
THE BEST IN
CLASSIC ROCK +
ROLL/PUNK/DANCE

FRI 16
LATE NITE
- PIZZA SLICE
OR CAPPUCCINO
FREE WITH
FULL ADMISSION.

SUN 25
X-MAS NITE.
YES WE'RE
OPEN!

SAT 24
IT WAS THE
NITE TO GO OUT
AND PARTY!!

SUN JAN. 1
THE PARTY
CONTINUES!
LATE NITE
12:00-4:30

FRI 23
ALL NITE
X-MAS PARTY
HIGH ENERGY
DANCE MUSIC

SAT 31
NEW YEARS
EVE PARTY
ALL NITE LONG

FRI 30
THE BEST
IN DANCE +
CHART MUSIC
- DISCO/RAP
PUNK/TECHNO POP

VANCOUVERS
LATE NIGHT
ALTERNATIVE

FRI+SAT.
12:30 - 5:30 am

1369 RICHARDS st.
688-7806

[LITHIUM CAFE - all night eatery, cappuccino pizza]